

PERSHING CHATTER

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WE'RE PARTING

Graduation day is here. It has come with mingled feelings for us, the graduating class. Three years ago we, as scared and awe-stricken low seventh graders, walked for the first time through the front doors of a school we had heard much about. We were filled with the anticipation of attending a "junior high" school and the excitement of having a difficult teacher for each subject. The first few weeks were filled with smart cracks from the "higher-ups" as to our small size and stupidity. However, when they saw we could take their scorn, they accepted us into the happy family.

From then on we began to grow in knowledge and stature. We became good friends with Mr. Orman, Mr. Denson, our homeroom teachers, the faculty, different employees about the school, and other students. In the ninth grade we have made a new friend, Mr. Ratliff.

It wasn't long before we became social minded and attended the school dances with our first dates. From then on, time has flown by.

There were the exciting football games, May Fetes, Sweet-heart dances, the anticipated High 9 Banquet, and various other traditional customs which hold many memories for us.

We're leaving now. The boys and girls in our grade are splitting up and going to different high schools. We won't all be together again. But in years to come we will be together in our memories of three of the most wonderful years in our lives. We've tried our best to be a credit to our school in every way and it's been fun. But we cannot stop the clock. The time has come to travel on and the more we think about it, the harder it is to say—

GOOD - BYE, PERSHING.

PERSHING'S "BIG SHOTS"

By Marjorie Trulan

In the halls of Pershing roam some students feeling mighty proud because they are about to graduate. Their teachers are proud of them too. We have found proof that they have reason to be.

Imagine how proud Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Madden, Mrs. Leggett, Mrs. Rosson, Mr. Moss, Mr. Corson, Mr. Hammer, and Mr. Ridley are of their homerooms. Since low seven these teachers have watched them grow until they are ready for senior high. Mrs. Scarborough had her homerooms since high seven. Mrs. Bond and Mrs. Perkins have enjoyed their homerooms since low eight. Mrs. Lord has had her home room since low nine.

Since starting with their homerooms, Mrs. Cox has lost three students and Mrs. Rosson lost four students. Five students have joined Mrs. Leggett's room. Mrs. Madden has 35 original students; Mrs. Lord, 18 students; Mr. Moss and Mrs. Bond, 25 original students; Mr. Hammer, 34 students; Mr. Ridley, 18 originally; Mrs. Perkins, 33 students; and Mrs. Scarborough has seven original students. Mr. Corson has kept all of his original students.

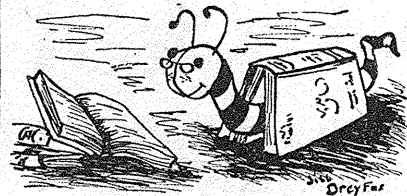
There are Eighty-three students in the Honor Society. Of these, Mr. Skinner has eleven, Mrs. Madden has ten, Mrs. Leggett has fourteen, Mr. Moss has two, Mrs. Lord has one, Mr. Corson has seven, Mr. Hammer has six, Mrs. Bond has

eleven, Mr. Ridley has three, Mrs. Perkins has eight, and Mrs. Rosson has ten.

Mr. Skinner's homeroom has had 30 scholarships. Mrs. Rosson has eight and Mrs. Madden has six scholarships. Three scholarships each belong to the homerooms of Mrs. Leggett, Mrs. Lord, Mr. Corson, Miss Bond, and Mrs. Perkins. Two each belong to the homerooms of Mrs. Cox, Mr. Moss, Mr. Hammer, and Mr. Ridley. Mrs. Scarborough's homeroom had one scholarship.

And of course we have a few brains in the high nine. These people have always made scholarships in Pershing: Sabra Stratton and Chappy Scurlock of Mrs. Cox's homeroom; Kent Watts in Mrs. Madden's homeroom; Ann Krieger and Ben Lanford in Mr. Moss's homeroom; Vickie Pattillo of Mrs. Corson's homeroom; Tom Mayor and Bill Middleton in Mrs. Bond's homeroom; Anna Kay Moses and Kay Montgomery in Mrs. Perkins homeroom; Wanda Phears, Mary Jo Felder, and Edith Focke in Mrs. Leggett's room; and Bonnie van Griethuysen and Sharon Strong in Mrs. Rosson's homeroom. That's quite an accomplishment.

Mr. Skinner's homeroom has



News from the Library

The points of interest in the library now are the showcases on either side of the door. These cases are filled with interesting collections supplied by faculty members. Each week a new collection takes the spotlight for that week.

Teachers who have contributed to this attractive display are: Mr. Dan Landers, Miss Glen Miller, Mr. J. A. Moore, and Mrs. Yvonne Wells. Mr. John Ratliff's fishing equipment was also displayed.

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A Child's Meditation

I live to lie beneath the sky,
 And watch the clouds go slowly by.

To listen to a sweet bird sing,
 And distant church bells gaily ring.

To hear the breezes gently blow,
 The weeping willows bending low.

I listen to the babbling brook,
 That washes each small forest nook.

Its liquid songs, such stories tell,
 Of all its trips o'er hill and dell.

I love to lie on grasses green,
 And watch the sun so brightly beam.

Its warm light rests upon my face,
 And others of a different race.

The moon and stars that shine at night,
 Flood my room with silvery light.

And when I kneel beside my bed,
 And say my prayer with bended head,

I thank God for this world so fair,
 And for His everlasting care.
 —Judy Marie Oelfke

HERE LIES JOHN DOE

Mrs. Hamilton's home room worked hard on a garden plot beside their shack Friday.

On Monday her first period math class noticed that the dirt had been heaped a little high. Mrs. Hamilton also just happened to be gone. This furnished an idea.

When Mrs. Hamilton returned, one section of the flower bed had a cross erected over it with a dainty rose for company.

come in second for two years in P.T.A. membership. Book Week in 1952 was won by Mrs. Cox's homeroom. For three years Mrs. Leggett's homeroom has won the Pershing Flower Show. They also won deck tennis intramurals in the eight and ninth grades and a volleyball championship. A volleyball and basketball championship was won by Mr. Moss's homeroom. In the seventh grade Mr. Corson's homeroom won the softball, basketball, and deck tennis championships. A Book Week was won by Mr. Hammer's homeroom. In the Polio Drive Contest, Mrs. Bond's homeroom came out on top. Mr. Ridley's homeroom won eighth and ninth grade championships in girls Basketball and ninth grade championships in girls volleyball. Book Week in 1953 was won by Mrs. Scarborough's homeroom.

Do you see what we mean?

Good-Bye --- High Niners

To you the Junior High School graduates of 1954, it is with joy and sadness that I have this last little message.

I rejoice with you in your success and accomplishments as a group and as individuals. I rejoice with you in your going into senior high students ready to take your place with others of your same age over the city.

It has been a pleasure to work with you in school and to know you in and out of school and to watch with interest the change taking place in you these three years.

But there is just a touch of sadness as I realize that you are leaving. You are the first group I can think of as my class. Three years ago we came to Pershing together as low sevens and as a new assistant principal. I have felt rather close to you and have learned a lot from you.

In thinking back over your three in Pershing; have you accomplished what you started out to do? Have you applied yourself so that you are well prepared to take the next step in your educational and life development? Has your training and study in Pershing helped you to become a better individual? Is Pershing a better school as a result of your having been here? These questions you may use as a guide as you begin your senior high school career.

In saying good bye to you I want you to feel assured that you have my best wishes for your success and happiness and I shall remember you as my first class.

—W. C. Denson

RAMBLIN 'ROUND

By Patti Oliver

Hello there, all you pandas! Well, school will soon be out but there are always tests to stand in the way of that great day. Here's hoping you passed every one with flying colors. But have you ever thought that maybe teachers are just as glad to see vacation roll around as you?

Parties are still going strong. Nancy Byrd Tennant had a slumber party recently. Western Union sure was busy taking all the requests that the little cupids were sending. Some of the match makers were Lynn Thompson, Jane Bowman, Sunny Sue O'Neil, Ann Voight, Carol Augat, and Sandy Militzer.

Peg Wright's heart seems to be over at Lamar with Lewis Foley. An open house was held on May first by Sabra Stratton and Ann Voight. It was a wonderful party and everyone had a grand time. Some of the guests were Judy Whitehurst, Arlene Strong, Lynn Thompson, Jane Pitts, Pat Bonin, and Edie Focke.

As stated in our last issue kangaroo season has officially opened. Some of the girls who collected winnings early were Judy Whitehurst with Oscar Creech (hooked too bad girls!), Harriet Diamond with Bill Watkins, Terry Van Wagner with Barry Bradley, and Barbara Bates with Roy Allen.

Bobby Calloway gave a great dance at Laura Dorman's Dance Studio on May 1. Johnny Weber, Bitty and Bell Hodgson, Richard Bass, and Marty Bradt were among those attending.

Shhh! This is strictly between you and me. Andrea Mercer has been jumping out of shack windows, we hear. Some of the little demons in one of her classes politely shoved her books out the window and Andrea (being the lady she is) proceeded to get them. Who wants

Mystery Pandas

Below are listed adjectives describing two Pershing students. The first letter from each word has been omitted. When you complete each word, you will discover the names of the mystery Pandas.

—omantic —arling
 —dorable —mooent
 —eat —harming
 —andy —issable
 —oung
 —ysterious —nforgettable
 —bliging —empting
 —bservant —atural
 —ealistic —xciting
 —xciting —oung

THANKS TO ...

The students and faculty members—for the splendid cooperation in helping the CHATTER staff and sponsors secure news for the school paper during the past year.

To all of you from all of us we say—thank you!

—Chatter Staff and Sponsors

Last Will and Testament, Con't

(Continued from Page 4)

my seat in science to anyone who can stand being beaten over the head by Bobby Flint.

I, Karen Lynn Browning, leave all my great algebra grades to Mrs. McClure's memory.

I, Nancy Brown, will to Vernon Goforth the mirror taken from the school bus by Bonnie Sheeon.

I, Susan Brown, will my seat in Latin to anyone who enjoys flow-er-pot dust-storms.

I, Mike Broyles, hereby will all the molds we studied in Science to some unfortunate Seventh Grader.

I, Jean Bryan, leave what's left of my bewildered brain (?) to the Romans.

I, Carol Byer, will any algebra grades to Anita Kaiser, who I hope can add a hundred to them.

I, Beverly Carter, will nothing to nobody, cause I'll need all that and much more when I get to Lamar.

I, Carol Carter, hereby will my place in algebra to Judy Phillips, who I hope likes wind storms.

I, Ruthie Castor, will my algebra book to my brother Johnny, hoping he will put it to better use than I did!

I, Connie Coever, will my freckles to any poor seventh grader who is dumb enough to take them.

I, Rosamond Cohen, will my ability to keep quiet (?) in Mr. Thomasson's class to any lucky person that gets him next year.

I, Betty Conrad, will my nickname "Conduct Out Conrad" to any of Miss Moreland's future algebra students.

I, Kirk Phillips, leave to Glen Whitehead my big black book.

I, Judy Segall, will my ability to pass notes in Spanish to anybody that needs it.

I, Josette Schurr, will my algebra questions to any lucky kid that gets Mrs. McLure next year.

I, Charles Sims, will my brain (?) to the algebra department. May it serve them well!

I, R. A. Stokes, being of sound mind (?), leave my ability to fail English to any eighth grader who wants it.

I, George Williams, hereby will my ability to count to Bob Wright.

I, Dian Duryea, will algebra back to the person who invented it.

I, Corliss Driscoll, being in my sound (?) mind, do hereby will my ability to stay out of the office to Sandra Jackson.

I, Nancy Endress, will my ability to laugh at jokes to Steve Tatem, who I hear needs it.

I, Glenda Cox, will my friendship with Mrs. Perkins to Ada Whitworth who probably won't need it.

I, Hollis Danvers, will first year Latin to Warren Hastings, who is came to see her one day quite by surprise. The amazing thing about it though is that the pen pal lives in Sweden. Congratulations to Dede for being able to take time to write in the midst of all her lovely tests.

I, L. D. Harnes, will my collection of Dennis the Menace comics to Miss Moreland.

I, Farria Etheredge, will all of the red marks I get in Spanish to some poor thing who takes Spanish.

I, Cora Dorman, will my good (?) grades in algebra to Jamie Holt and Taylor Blanton, hoping that they won't need them.

I, Joann Kobering, do hereby will my ability to fail algebra tests to Steve Tatem.

I, Sherry Evans, in my sane (?) state of mind, will my knowledge of why Latin became extinct to any person who takes it to find out. I also will all the "long marks" to some broken down typewriter.

I, Joan Trotter, in the presence of Bobby Dunlap, do hereby will all of the Don Marr scratches in my locker 'cause I'll never need 'em again.

I, Bobby Dunlap, leave to Mike,

Haines, Higdon Compton, Dick Burns, the Blue Beetle for maybe someday they might get third gear rubber out of it.

I, Carol Roddie, being of thoroughly confused mind, do hereby will all of my elevator tickets to some unsuspecting seventh grader.

I, Conrad Neal, will my Latin grades (?) to John Stradinger and anyone who will take them.

I, Marian Kluge, being of sound mind, will my seat in club to someone new who doesn't know what they're getting into and my seat in science to the same one.

I, Paula Cox, being in my confused state of mind, do hereby will all my good Latin knowledge back to the Romans in hopes that they know it better than I do.

I, Dede Donoho, will my short hair back to the ducks.

I, Donna Dreschel, being of sound mind, do hereby will my praise, admiration, love, etc., for Mr. Ridley to Ada Whitworth.

I, Bonnie van Griethuysen, will my pony tail to anyone who doesn't mind having it pulled every 5 minutes by a member of the P. S. P. A.

I, Robert A. Taylor, being of sound body (I hope), hereby will my "Great" swimming ability and flashy flat-top to Delber Turner, Patent—00000-0½.

I, Sue Sears, will my "wave" to Judy Seattle, who definitely doesn't need it!

I, Sally Stuart, being of jealous mind, do hereby will Archie Dennonson to Al Foster in hopes that Al will keep Archie from other girls and save him just for me.

I, Lynn Thompson, will all my good times at Pershing to Norma Adams and Jane Yoder.

I, Charles Teas, will my great diving ability to Delber Turner!

I, Kit Terrell, being of sound mind, do hereby will my good looks, flashing personality, and good grades to my little brother.

I, Joe Wall, being of sound mind, do hereby will my crazy-mixed Latin book back to the squares that spoke the stuff.

I, Robert Tackaberr, being of sound mind, will my last stick of T. N. T. to anybody capable of doing the job.

I, Pat Swanzy, will Latin back to the Romans, who would probably will it right back to me as a lost cause.

I, Bill Suggs, being of sound mind, do hereby will my bottle of Hadacol to a friend.

I, Lin Turner, do not will anything, as I am taking it with me.

I, Carol Augat, being of sound mind and body, will my ability to ride a horse to Ellen Sparks, who can surely use it.

I, Ann Voight, being of sound mind, will my three A's in algebra to "Anyone" who has Miss Moreland. They'll need them!

I, Lee Gleason, being of sound oatmeal, hereby will my box of matches to some lucky L7 who may succeed in burning the school down when I failed.

I, Charles (Speedy) Suessmuth, will my goggles to anyone who needs them.

I, Tommy Hoffpaw, hereby will my last box of gunpowder to the same L-7 grader that Lee Gleason left his matches.

I, Jim Wallace, being of sound mind and body, will my sub-machine gun to Jim Rannels, so that he can be the life of the parties.

I, Sharon Strong, will my gym suit to the person who now possesses the belt to it!

I, Phyllis Walker, do will my three hand-me-down gym suits to Patty Weber, who I'm sure doesn't need them.

I, Douglas Tully, will to anyone who wants it, my good conduct, and my ability to lose fountain

pens to some poor soul.

I, Sunny O'Neal, will all the good times I've had in Pershing to the 8th graders.

I, Tommy Tune, will my ability to make up humorous "Last Wills & Testaments to anybody left here at Pershing after we high-miners leave.

I, Linda Nicholson, do hereby bequeath all of my history pop quizzes to a damsel in distress, namely Ann Miller.

I, Karen Miner, will my love for horses and cowboys to Kay Knapp and Sandra McNulty.

I, Jo Ann Jones, will my ability to get along with Evelyn Eddy to Al Foster who sure needs it.

I, Kenny Naber, will my ability to sing to Alan Sumner, who needs it.

I, James Moffitt, will my good grades in algebra to Bob Barnett, who needs it.

I, Spencer Murchison, will my ability to tell a joke (?) to Bob Barnett.

I, K. Montgomery, was requested by Larry Moore to leave him money. Due to the deflated condition of the pocketbook, I bequeath him an I. O. U. for lots of fun in the ninth grade.

I, Janet Moore, being of sound (?) mind, will my "bummed up" "Tiny" (?) (My Bass) to my brother Don who would get it anyway.

I, Joey Rider, will all my Latin class tests back to Mrs. Robertson and the chorus lineups back to Mrs. Perkins.

I, Helen Monroe, being of unsound mind, will all my wonderful (?) grades in Latin to Judy Strader who won't need them because she's taking Spanish.

I, Joan Paylin, will all my pencils to Pat Lacy so she can put them to better use.

I, Sally Sortino, will all my good grades and my old tennis shoes to Marilyn Pratt.

I, Maureen Miller, will my ability to write lengthy notes to Taylor Blanton and Lee Clark who, I hope, will use it.

I, Barbara Morgan, will my fondness for dances to my brother George because he sure can use it.

I, Wayne McQuaid, will my art and beauty as a casanova to some willing youngster.

I, Judy Morgan, being of sound mind and body, do hereby will my beautiful (?) dimples to Betty Davis, my co-worker in 6th period library.

I, Sandra Schoenfield, will my twelve tables from one to sixty to my sister Sheryl in case she gets Mr. Skinner and talks in class.

I, Randy Moore, being of supposedly sound mind, will my three front teeth to Miss Moreland, who just can't wait to get them, and my "Daddy Crosby" voice to Mrs. Perkins for future use.

I, Rudy Moers, being of sound mind (?), hereby will my General Math book to the best and prettiest General Math teacher in Pershing, Mrs. Scarborough.

I, Bobbye Pharr, being of sound mind (?), will all the fun I've had at Pershing to Kitty Graham and Alice Boldridge who probably won't need it.

I, Jean Rule, will my broken-down chair at Bill Williams to Diane Duniven and Carl Akin.

I, Ann Milton, will my ability to make up excuses for getting out of class to Kay Knapp.

I, Fannie Newton, being of sound mind (?), will all my good grades (?) in Latin back to Mrs. Robertson.

I, Ray Nydegger, leave my grades in algebra (?) to Niel Richardson who can probably use them.

I, Anna Kay Moses, will my battered violin to my sister in the

hopes that she won't come as close to finishing it off as I did.

I, Harvey Wheeler, will my ability to get along with Miss Moreland to her next algebra class.

I, Mary Lynn Wilson, will my good (?) grades to Debbie Brooks who I know won't need them.

I, Sonny Young, being of sound mind and body, will my goal post climbing ability to Mr. Barfield.

I, Judy Oelfke, leave my brains in algebra (?) to my brother.

I, Stuart Junenal, leave my typing grades to some unlucky person in this school.

I, Carol Towley, will my good (?) algebra grades to my sister since she likes to talk about them so much.

I, Bill Zelle, leave my ability to get along with Mr. Young to Buddy Ives who needs it like a hole in the head.

I, Suzanne Furneaux, hereby leave my once warmed chair in Miss Moreland's algebra class to Nancy Fleming, who I hope will enjoy it better than I.

I, John Griswold, leave my good luck in algebra to Joyce Moyers, who I hope can put it to good use.

I, Claudia Venable, leave my grades in algebra back to Mrs. McLure, who being so kind and generous may will them back to some poor unsuspecting character.

I, Skip Wiegand, will my uncan-ny ability to swipe gym shorts that are always too small to Kay Knapp and Betsy Caldwell.

I, Barbara Ekblad, leave my retainers to any unfortunate person who may need or want them.

I, Ann Castellanos, being of sound mind, gladly will my brother to any unsuspecting girl in the eighth grade.

I, Richard Weinberg, leave my handwriting to Mr. Thomasson so he can criticize it.

I, Barbara Ann Jones, leave my corny remarks to Miss Moreland who can put them to better use.

I, Jerry Whitley, will all of my broken discs to Mickie Becker.

I, Jody Wofford, leave my ability not to think of anything to put for my last will and testament.

I, John Wheatley, leave all of my sharp pictures to Laurie Rayburn.

I, Judy Whitehurst, being in an especially generous mood, leave my sacred dig marks to Mr. Skinner who has shown his merit by capably and patiently (?) teaching two of the Whitehurst clan.

I, Wesley Woodard, will my entire algebra grade to Allan Sumner.

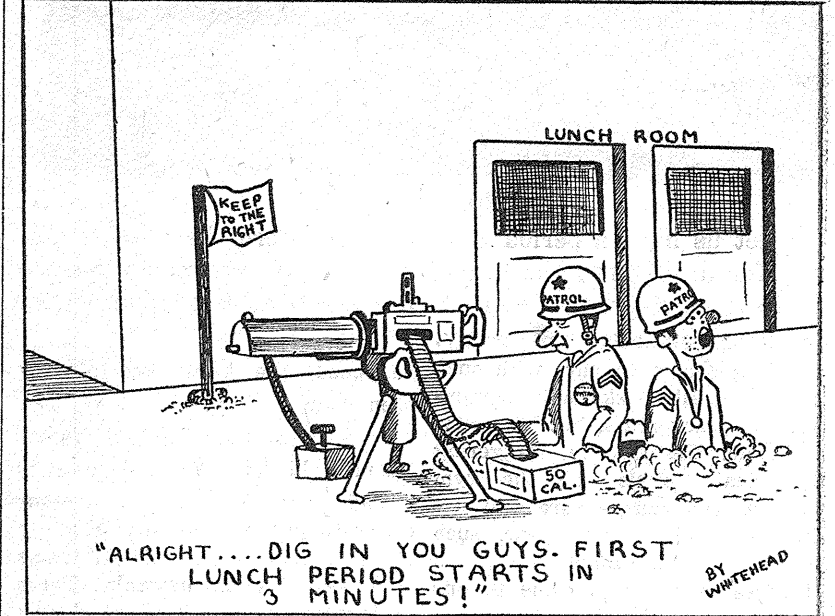
I, Paula Wiley, leave one slightly dilapidated gym suit to Judy Kolb and Nancy Smith, hoping that they will have as much fun in it as I have.

I, Kent Watts, leave Miss Moreland to Bobby Dietzer and any other unlucky people who will take algebra.

I, Georgia Bennett, leave my peroxidized bangs to Allen Summers who needs them worse than I do.

I, Larry Wolf, do hereby leave

THOSE PATROLS



"ALRIGHT....DIG IN YOU GUYS. FIRST LUNCH PERIOD STARTS IN 3 MINUTES!"

BY WHITEHEAD

my ability to borrow and not return to Bobby Deutser.

I, Peggy Wheeler, will half my algebra book to Mr. Skinner and half to Mrs. McLure.

I, Charles Weber, leave to my cousin, Johnny, my success with Miss Moreland and my tests.